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Pateron seems to have more than its share of misfortunes. But that plucky and self-reliant community is not to be cowed by any succession of floods, fires, failures and embezzlements.

With bread at 25 cents a loaf because of the bakers' strike in New York this is a good time to remember that man cannot live by bread alone.

Superior is now the second city of Wisconsin, with Milwaukee holding the first place. In time Superior may grow up to its name, but it can never expect to surpass it.

Within 24 hours at Atlantic City one chauffeur plunged his machine into a crowded trolley car, another ran down a 4-year-old boy and a third ran at full headway into a public omnibus. Such instances of recklessness as these naturally make the city authorities think of putting on the brakes, and they will probably be helped to that decision by the prospect of damage suits by the victims of the above accidents or their friends.

More effectually to limit the pollution of streams in the United Kingdom, Professor Sims Woodhead proposes the creation of a national board that shall have control over inland British waters. The so-called river boards and county councils, which now exercise some authority when questions of contamination arise, have not as large powers as could be desired, and the conclusions reached in one locality do not always harmonize with those in another. Greater uniformity of policy and stricter regulations of water supply would be possible with a central organization, such as is now proposed. The project has much to commend it. Relatively, the population is denser and the streams are smaller in England than in this country, and the difficulty of securing pure water is correspondingly greater there than here.

Colonel Henry Watterson is doing business again at the old stand. After a year's rest in Europe he has resumed the functions which for the last 30 years he has discharged so brilliantly in national politics. As confidant and guardian of "the star-eyed goddess," as guide, philosopher and friend of democratic statesmen as elucidator and critic of democratic policies, he has contributed much to public wisdom and even more to public gaiety. A year ago, during the Parker campaign, Colonel Watterson was disposed to see the end of democratic institutions writ large on every blank wall. To the democratic editors who paid a midday pilgrimage to Esopus and then evened up by dining at the Waldorf-Astoria, he pictured the Republican candidate for president as the mildest mannered man who ever settled a ship of state, and gloomily predicted that victory for that candidate would mean the early "Mexicanization" of the republic. Colonel Watterson's picturesque and graphic rhetoric sent a cold chill down the spines of democratic managers and editors who saw him thus transform their favorite campaign argument into a reductio ad absurdum, and he was bitterly censured by his less courageous and less imaginative associates for saying frankly what they thought it better to say by innuendo. Chagrined and mortified, the Kentucky publicist took to the woods, and when "imperialism" triumphed over "constitutionalism" in November he philosophically accepted the result and bought a ticket for Europe. It is encouraging to find that a year's vacation has somewhat quieted the Kentucky editor's alarms. His latest utterance indicates that he has outlived his nightmare of "the man on horseback." He thinks that he may survive to see another president elected. He is willing to concede that the two great parties will hold nominating conventions in 1908, that candidates will be put in the field and voted for, and the man who gets the most electoral votes will be inducted into office in the good old way, just as

if the constitution had not been suspended and the republic "Caesarianized." Colonel Watterson seems even reconciled in advance to the fact that there is no hope for a return to those Jeffersonian ideals and that "Jeffersonian simplicity of living" which, according to the last democratic national platform, are now only a memory in Washington. He calmly predicts that the next president "will be a republican." This forecast, moreover, is hedged with no conditions and qualified by no regrets; for the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal confesses that the democratic party is in no condition to elect a president or to govern the country. It is "hopelessly divided and crassly incompetent"; and every patriotic citizen must agree with his apparent deduction that the return to power of a party so disqualified would be an immense misfortune not only from the national but from the narrowly partisan point of view. Colonel Watterson's conclusions may not be welcome to the politicians who manipulated the last democratic national convention and managed the Parker campaign in 1904. These leaders may still have a blind faith in the theory that a party need have no principles and that its only business in politics is to win and hold the offices. Colonel Watterson's view is saner and more up to date. He sees that a national organization which comprises elements as wide apart in feeling and purpose as the Eastern democracy, the Southern democracy and the Western democracy can never reach an honest agreement on principles or apply those principles to legislation and government. Separately these elements can only seek to "bunco" one another, and jointly they can only seek to "bunco" the public. The democratic party must tarry at Jericho until it develops some common and serious purpose. Then only can it aspire to legislate and rule.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

IT IS A DISGRACE

To half do things.
To be lax, indolent, indifferent.
Not to develop your possibilities.
To do poor, slipshod, blotched work.
To give bad example to young people.
To have crude, brutish, repulsive manners.
To live a half life when a whole life is possible.
Not to be scrupulously clean in person and surroundings.
To acknowledge a fault and make no effort to overcome it.
To be ungrateful to friends and to those who have helped us.
To go through life a pygmy when nature intended you for a giant.
To kick over the ladder upon which you have climbed to your position.
To be grossly ignorant of the customs and usages of good society.
To ignore the forces which are improving civilization in your own country.
Not to be able to carry on an intelligent conversation in your own country.
To shirk responsibility in politics, or to be indifferent to the public welfare.

CLEVER RAILROAD AD.

An Eastern railroad in extolling the virtues of its line some time ago had occasion to use the following verses: Take me back to Old Kentucky,
Where the crystal waters glint,
As they dance along their borders,
Through the fragrant beds of mint.
Take me back to Old Kentucky,
Where strong waters flow so free;
Where they cool off in the summer,
'Neath the spreading july tree.

Take me back to Old Kentucky,
Where the bluegrass decks the hills;
Where they have no use for water
Save for operating "stills."

Take me back to Old Kentucky,
So the state where I was born;
Where the corn is full of kernels
And the colonels full of corn."

AT THE MINSTRELS.

Mr. Bones—Why is an exhausted stick of carbon like a dove?
Mr. Bones—I give it up, sah.
Mr. Bones—Because they both came out of the arc.

Mr. Bones—Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission we will now sing "I Wish I Was a Senator in a Nice, Cool Jail."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HIS LAST CARD.

A certain venerable archdeacon engaged as a new footman a well-recommended youth who had served as stable boy. The first duty which he was called upon to perform was to accompany the archdeacon on a series of formal calls. "Bring the cards, Thomas, and leave one at each house," ordered his master. After two hours of visiting from house to house the archdeacon's list was exhausted.

"This is the last house, Thomas," he said, "leave two cards here."
"Beggin' our pardon, sir," was the reply, "I can't—I've only the ace of spades left."—Harper's Weekly.

MAKING PAYMENT.

"All I have in this world I owe to my wife," murmured the millionaire who was about to fail, "and I guess I'd better square up with her right now."
And he proceeded to put all his possessions in his wife's name.—Pittsburg Post.

SUITED PERFECTLY.

Husband (on his wedding tour)—I want rooms for myself and wife.
Hotel Clerk (politely)—Suite?
Angry Husband—Of course she is; perfectly lovely! The sweetest girl in England.—The Tattler.

HE DID.

"Gobblion has a disgusting habit of answering a question by asking another. Ever notice it?"

"Why, no, not particularly. Let's try him—here he comes. Oh! Gobblion, can you lend me \$3?"

ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

Mrs. Bacon—Don't you think a person's work has much to do with his disposition?

Mr. Bacon—Yes; I suppose that's what makes our cook so cheery.—Yonkers Statesman.

WALNUTS AND WINE.

"Well, old man, how do you like married life?"

"To tell the truth," he replied, "it isn't half so annoying as I thought it would be!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

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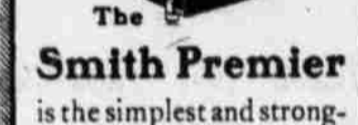
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TOO DIFFICULT
In a Pennsylvania town where the Friends shunned a poor old Quaker spinner one day attended the marriage of her grandnephew, a young person who had in the course of his twenty-one years received much needed discipline at her hands.

The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and as a pause in the wedding-breakfast her young relative looked over at her with a happy smile.
"Tell us why you never married, Aunt Patience," he said facetiously.
"That is cool talk," returned the old Quaker, calmly. "It was because I was not as easy pleased as thy wife was."

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